

# THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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## IF LOVE BE ONE.

The skies are black, the winds are bold,  
The road is rough and long,  
But what are clouds and stony ways  
When hearts are full of song?  
And two there be who walk life's path  
Unhindered wind or weather,  
And minding but their merry prattle  
Who bind their hearts together,  
All ways are smooth, all days are bright,  
With him for guide and sun,  
And three are always company,  
If Love be one!

The road is smooth, the wind is soft,  
The sky is clear of clouds,  
But what are pleasant ways and days  
To those whose hearts are dead?  
And what is song that fills the ears,  
Can no longer cheer,  
And what is light that eyes can see,  
But souls can never know?  
Ah, two there be that walk life's path  
As though they walked alone,  
For two are never company,  
If Love be gone!

—D. McIntyre Henderson in Harper's Magazine.

## Nan's Metamorphosis.

She was such a forlorn looking figure as she shuffled along the river road in the late November snow.

"I believe I never saw such an aimless, shiftless family in my life," declared Judge Hilton emphatically as he and his daughter Mildred detected the thin, clad figure before them. "If anything, she's as bad as the rest, though when her mother died I imagined the responsibility of caring for the family would have a beneficial influence on Nan. Instead I actually believe it's had the opposite effect. Just look at that torn dress and ragged shawl! If a girl had any spunk, she'd never be seen on a thoroughfare as public as this in such a slatternly condition."

"But think, father," and Mildred looked up considerably, "how hard she must be obliged to work even to exist for the family, as Uncle Joe used to say. I believe she has a load of evergreen now to sell for winter decorations. It isn't an easy lot by any means the poor girl has." And Mildred tucked the thick robe more snugly about her.

Nan Hascall lived in the old abandoned mill down by the falls. 'Twas all the shelter Job Hascall could get after his wife's death, for rents were not easily obtained when it was known that the family's one source of income was cut off.

Mrs. Hascall had somehow succeeded as by almost a miracle, frail as she was, in providing food and shelter for the growing family of ten.

Job was forever lounging about the postoffice steps in summer, and his winter watch tower was the settee in the west window of the small variety store.

"Perhaps next week I'll be able to get a job somewhere," he would say in the early spring days, as in a shamefaced manner he went by his wife at the washbasin, bent on his accustomed loafing ground, and when the first frost came in the fall he would brace himself to declare: "I may get a chance to loggin' 'fore winter's gone. Won't be a six months' mystery. Better let some few things go."

But to let anything "go" was impossible and keep the roof over their heads and shoes on the many pairs of feet.

The morning after Mrs. Hascall's burial Job said to Nan: "Do the best you can, child. 'Tis all we can do, even the best of us, and 'phaps something will turn up."

However, nothing had, save the rent bill, and as there was nothing with which to meet it they were obliged to move into the tumble down mill.

"I guess we can live here awhile," concluded Job, "if we can get 'nough to eat and something to wear. No matter if we don't have the best."

After her mother's death the struggle for existence rested almost wholly on Nan. How she managed to get along was a six months' mystery. After that the people ceased to wonder, and the Hascalls lived only in their own thoughts.

"Who do you imagine will get the scholarship and money for expenses at the seminary?" asked Mildred as they were going up the half mile hill before reaching home.

"I haven't an idea! Yes, I have too. I shouldn't say that," and Judge Hilton looked out of the carriage thoughtfully. "Either Ralph Holman or Ethel Maynard will get it. They're by all odds the best scholars in town."

"I don't know," deliberated Mildred. "When Nan was in school, she had the reputation of being able to spell any word given her. No one ever got above her. To spell well seemed to be her ambition. She never failed to get correctly in geography. Were she asked where Russia is it might be the longest river in Maine or the capital of Ireland, for anything she could tell, and she never was accused of saying the multiplication table accurately."

"But she will not go," laughed Judge Hilton.

"No," he didn't suppose she will, but if she should she'd give them a pretty hard push—and might win. Of course no partiality could be shown in such a contest. I wish she'd go," impulsively.

And at that very moment Nan herself was meditating on the same subject.

"I'd like to go, just to show them I'm not all fool. Don't care nothin' for the prize, but what would I want of a scholarship?" And Nan smiled grimly at the thought of such a thing. "But I can spell, if I don't know anything else."

A sudden, defiant glance shot from her deep, angry eyes.

"I'll go if I don't want it, just 'cause I—I hate them—the whole kit, George Lewis, Ethel Maynard, Ralph Holman and the rest. Mildred! She's the only one that's ever treated me decent. Guess they'll be surprised when they see me there." Nan snapped off a twig by the roadside. "And I'll beat them too."

After that, wherever Nan was—gathering evergreen, going after her weekly washing or cooking their scanty meals—a disreputable looking spelling book was her faithful little companion, from which when no one was looking, she selected for constant review the words of foreign derivation and those which she herself designated as having been thrown together in the dark.

"I can spell all the common ones without looking at them. J-u-d-g-m-e-n-t," she spelled. "Leave out the 'e' before 'ment.' Separate looks easy, but some'll spell it with an 'e' every time."

In early November Dr. Randall, a genial, retired practitioner, a man who had won the distinction of being the philanthropist of the village, had offered tuition and all legitimate expenses for one year at Douglass seminary to any young man or woman who should spell all others down in an old fashioned contest. This was to be held at the high school building about the middle of December. It made no difference whether the contestants attended school or not, the only requirement being that they couldn't be over 21 and must reside in town.

That Ethel Maynard or Ralph Holman or perhaps George Lewis would get it was the foregone conclusion in the minds of nearly all the inhabitants of the village.

"Just you wait. Perhaps you'll be mistaken," was Nan's sly reply after hearing the matter thus prematurely settled. "I don't care for the old tuition; wouldn't have it anyway, but I'll show you I can do something, and she nodded her head defiantly to an imaginary, unsympathetic audience.

"All ready," asked Dr. Randall the evening of the contest, glancing at the eager faces about him. "I think so," he added. "Ethel Maynard and Ralph Holman may be captains and choose."

And intense excitement long lines of spellers were soon in their places.

"Any one else like to spell who hasn't been drawn?" And Dr. Randall looked over his gold bowled spectacles inquiringly. "I'll just wait a moment."

There was a slight stir back in the corner, and Nan Hascall slowly arose. "She here—Nan Hascall!" and a titter ran round the room.

Nan's face flushed with indignation. Mildred caught her eye and smiled approval.

"Your turn to choose, Mr. Holman," said Dr. Randall.

"Did Miss Maynard choose last?" Very well, Nan Hascall!

"Spell your best," whispered Mildred, and she pressed Nan's hand as the girl hurried by, her look of anger changed almost to a smile by Mildred's sympathy.

"I'll give you an easy word first," and "daggerreotype" was given out. "If that's easy, I don't know what he calls a hard one," But Ralph spelled it correctly.

"Idiosyncrasies" followed. Three missed on "parallel," and Nan spelled it.

"One of the easy ones," she whispered.

Word after word was given out until only four spellers remained on the floor, the two captains, George Lewis and Nan Hascall.

Mildred was never more anxious. "I do hope," she said to herself, "that she'll win." She was too interested to finish her sentence.

For ten minutes each spelled accurately every word that came to him. "Neophyte."

George hesitated, then spelled it with an "i."

"N-e-o-p-h-y-t-e," spelled Nan calmly. "There was hardly a breath in the room, so great was the suppressed excitement."

During the next five minutes Ralph took his seat, beaten.

"Well, well!" It was Judge Hilton's ejaculation of surprise.

"Metamorphosis!"

Ethel began, hesitated, looked up in consternation, spelled it—wrong.

"Miss Hascall, metamorphosis."

"M-e-t-a-m-o-r-p-h-o-s-i-s," confidently.

As she finished Nan was greeted with a round of applause such as had never before emanated from a Welchville audience. Again and again as it began to die out it was increased with greater intensity.

Mildred slipped on to the floor and gently drew Nan to a seat.

"I knew you'd win," she whispered.

"Of me?" interrupted Nan passionately. "Then—then I'll take the prize—and—be somebody!"

"Your mother was always right smart at spelling," 'Twas Job Hascall's husky congratulation as he clumsily patted Nan's yellow braid.

"I decided 'twould be indeed a metamorphosis when I saw your look of anxiety and knew you cared," confessed Nan to-day of her gratification. "If it hadn't been for that—oh, Mildred, I shudder to think!"—Forward.

**Ben Fish in China.**

According to the science column of a German weekly paper, the hens of China lead busy lives. When not engaged in hatching out a brood of their own kind, they are put to the additional and novel task of hatching fish eggs. Chinese cheap labor collects the spawn of fish from the water's edge, puts it in an empty eggshell, which is then hermetically sealed with wax and placed under the unsuspecting and conscientious hen. In a few days the eggshell is removed, and the spawn which has been warmed into life is emptied into a shallow pool. Here the fish that soon develop are nursed until strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.

**Not Adventurous Enough.**

Dicky—I hadn't goin' to be an express messenger when I'm grown up after all.

John—Wot's eatin' you? You always said you was.

Dicky—I don't keer. I was talkin to an express messenger today who run on cars for 30 years an has never once been in a wreck or held up by train robbers.—Express Gazette.

**His Ambition Realized.**

Blotches—When he was a little boy, he was always singing "I Want to Be an Angel."

Slobbs—And he died young, I suppose.

Blotches—No; but he's had his wish gratified. He's backing Barnstormer's Colossal Aggregation of International Stars.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Commercial Instinct.**

Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good, I'll give you a penny.

Tommy—No; I want a nickel.

Mamma—Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny.

Tommy—I know, but that was a bargain day.—Philadelphia Press.

## ASPIRATION.

I envy not the sun his lavish light;  
But, oh, to be the one orb of night,  
In silence and alone commencing night,  
I envy not the rain that freshens all  
The parching hill and plain; but, oh, the small  
Night dewdrop now to be, my moodful flower, for  
these!

—John B. Tabb in Harper's Magazine.

## Their First Victory

An Exciting Race Among College Men.

As the freshmen sat in their shell that beautiful May afternoon they felt within themselves that their time had come at last. The warmth of the setting sun as it slowly approached the hills which guard Cayuga on the west, the deep blue of the lake and the breath of spring in the soft southern breeze seemed all to foretell some good fortune. Then, too, as the crews rowed up the lake the first year men had pulled together—beautifully, their oars had struck the water in perfect unison, with never a break from bow to stroke. It was coming, and they knew it, for they had struck their stride, as the runners say.

A blast from the whistle of the coach's launch drew their attention to the varsity and the sophomore crews which had preceded a mile farther up the lake. From this point the two senior crews were to race for three miles, picking up the freshmen at the mile mark. As the freshmen watched them the distant shells turned slowly and took their positions. A moment they lay motionless; then, as a jet of white steam shot up from the launch, 16 broad oar blades flashed in the sun, and the race was on.

It looked to the eager freshmen as if the sophomore crew had leaped to the front with the first stroke, the heavier varsity being unable to catch the water as quickly as had their nimble rivals, and as the two shells came racing over the glassy surface of the lake it was evident that the second year men were increasing their advantage.

Look at 'em gain! Look at 'em gain! cried one of the boys seated at the stern of the launch. "Crowell always became excited whenever he watched others racing, but as soon as he got in a race himself he was the steadiest man in the boat."

"That's all right," said Bruce, the sturdy stroke; "the sops may jump 'em at the start, but you wait until that varsity gets down to work."

And almost before he had uttered these words he proved true, for the class crew ceased to gain on the seniors. For a time the two shells pulled at almost equal speed, the white launch speeding along close behind the second, the coach up in the bow directing the oarsmen through his great aluminium megaphone. Though the freshmen could not hear him they knew that he was upbraiding the varsity for allowing a class crew to get ahead of them, and soon his reproaches had their effect, for the sophomore crew began to be slowly losing their lead as the older men began to put their hearts into the work. Slowly but surely the second crew crawled up until the length and a half of open water had separated it from its feeling rival was reduced to less than a foot, and then the coach's voice came ringing over the water:

"Get ready there, freshmen!"

The little cockswain ceased craning his neck over his shoulder and, grasping the rudder lines firmly, shouted: "Ready a-h-h!"

In response the eight sunburned boys before him settled themselves into their seats and, leaning far forward, dipped their oar blades into the water.

"Eyes in the boat," cautioned the cockswain, and while they waited their opponents came flying toward them. They heard the panting of the launch's engine and then the sound of the rushing shells cleaving the still water and the "schub" of the oars in the rowlocks as 16 pairs of arms shot out on the recovery. Then the "old man's" voice again:

"Are you ready, freshmen? Then go!"

And with one giant heave they were off.

Bruce kept his eye steadily fixed on the water just beyond the port gunwale as it slipped past, still swirling and dimpling from the blows of the stout blades behind him. Quickly and yet with the utmost care he pulled stroke after stroke; a sharp catch and a powerful heave, then out shot his oar, and, as his seat neared the end of the slide he allowed it down that there might be no checking of the boat. And the seven men behind him were doing likewise, for once as he caught the water he felt the frail shell rise beneath him and quiver like a living thing. A thrill of exultation passed through every man in the crew. They knew that the victory was theirs. For the first time they had felt the shell live, and that spelled victory.

And now the little cockswain found his voice.

"Steady, boys; steady!" he cried. "Keep your eyes on the stroke—catch—catch!"

Then, with a note of triumph in his voice, he shouted:

"We're gaining, boys; we're gaining. Keep her run!"

By this time Bruce's breath was coming fast, and the great drops of sweat poured off his face. For an instant he ventured to glance away from his patch of water, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the other boats now racing along on even terms and not half a length ahead. He was recalled by the voice of the cockswain:

"I'm going to give you ten, fellows, and when I get through you've got to be even with them. Ready now—one, two, three—good work, boys—four, five—we're gaining—six, seven—No. 2, don't clip your stroke—eight, nine, ten! We're up to them! Now ten more! One, two, three!"

But the other crews were pulling their hardest, and between strokes Bruce could hear the voices of their cockswains as they, too, counted tens. At the end the three were still even, and the question seemed to be one of endurance. The "old man" in the launch behind was shouting encouragement to the freshmen, for their burst of speed surprised and delighted him.

"Go it, freshmen!" he called.

## And "go it" they did.

His words put them on their mettle, and again the boat quivered as eight broad backs heaved. "Tensely. Inch by inch and stroke by stroke they crept ahead. Again Bruce glanced at the other crews and saw the varsity stroke laboring desperately to make up what he had been lost, and farther back he saw the sophomore crew now permanently in third place. A great sob of joy shook him; then his eyes went back to that bright patch of water, and his oar blade bit more fiercely as it struck the surface of the lake. The little cockswain was fairly beside himself. He stood aloof in his joy.

"It's half over, boys," he cried as they dashed by the old windmill on the shore. "Just keep it up, and we've got 'em dead. Stroke—stroke—stroke!"

Yes, but could they keep it up? Already Bruce's wrists were beginning to grow numb, and his legs shook on the slow recovery.

And still a mile to go!

His heart thumped and pounded, and the hot breath came gasping through his open lips. He could hear No. 7 groan at every stroke, but there was no thought of quitting. Death rather than that.

"But will we never reach the half mile?" he wondered.

Even as the thought entered his head the cockswain called:

"Only half a mile more, and we're a length ahead."

Oh, lucky boat! Scarcely had the words left his lips when No. 3 caught a crab. The starboard side of the shell sank almost to the water's edge as the unfortunate oarsman tried to drag his blade out by main force. At once the speed was checked, and the other boats drew up rapidly. But Bruce kept his head and never let the stroke vary a fraction of a second. The cockswain, too, reacted cool. His calm voice in this moment of contention reassured the rowers, who quickly responded to his monotonous "Stroke—stroke—stroke" as Bruce's blade caught the water. In a moment all were rowing again as evenly as before the accident, but the varsity was almost abreast of them. The danger of defeat after victory had seemed so sure made the freshmen almost mad. They tug-gained at the oars as if from his would break them in twain. Men animated by such a spirit could not be beaten, and soon they were forging to the front again. As they entered on the last quarter mile they were more than half a length to the good and still gaining slowly. But the strain was beginning to tell. Bruce's arms were numb to the elbows, his breath came in quick pants and a haze seemed to have settled over him, which dulled the pain in his aching muscles, but made his work only mechanical. Forward and backward, forward and backward, and his body swayed, while the shrill voice of the cockswain sounded faint and far away.

"If I could only stop for an instant," he thought; "only a stroke." And then he fell to thinking of what he would give if he could rest for one stroke—\$5, yes \$10, even \$20, if from his summer vacation, and he dreamed of how he would lie on the cool grass under the trees during that vacation, too blissfully lazy to move—and all the while his weary body swayed backward and forward, backward and forward, without ceasing. He was aroused by that strident voice, now grown strangely hoarse. How he hated it! It was shouting:

"Only a hundred yards more, fellows! Now give her ten—one, two, three—"

And as the tired crew responded to the appeal their light boat again leaped forward. When the ten was over, there was open water between them and the varsity, while the sophomore had dropped four lengths behind. Still that little torment in the stern was not satisfied.

"I'm going to count till we cross the line," he announced, and then began those terrible numbers once more: "One, two, three, four!" But with "3" he stopped and then called:

"Let her run!"

Thank God, it was over! Eight pairs of weary hands dropped the oars at which they had been tugging over those two long miles, and eight weary bodies slumped down into their seats, too tired to sit erect.

Bruce leaned over the gunwale and plunged his arms into the cold, clear water. Perfectly content he was as, filled with the joy of triumph, he gazed over the fast darkening bosom of the lake and up the hill to where, here and there, a light already twinkled on the campus. And as he gazed softly, sweetly from the tower the chimes pealed forth "The Evening Song"—New York Sun.

**The Old Through.**

Abraham Lincoln was a captain of Illinois volunteers in the Black Hawk war. Mr. Norquist Haggood in his "Life of Lincoln" relates that during this campaign Lincoln once had his company marching in a column 20 men wide when he was suddenly confronted with a high fence with an open gate through which only one man could pass at a time. He had no idea of the proper way to get his men into single file, so he halted the company and said:

"This company is dismissed, but it will come together immediately after getting through that gate!"

**Tripped Up.**

Mrs. Norwith—That Mrs. Hyatt is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't be funny.

Mrs. Brown—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Norwith—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

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The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors is held on the first Monday of each month. Fred B. LeMoine, Chairman.

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Justice of the Peace.....J. B. Flower  
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**The Bigness of the Ocean.**

Some people gratefully reflect that we owe the clouds and the tides and the winds to the "Mother and Maker of men," but these are less numerous than the folks who "would like to know" what we should do for soles and cod and mackerel if there were no ocean. Yet think only how big it is! If you divide the whole globe's area into 11 parts, the sea covers eight of those, with an average depth of 2,000 fathoms. Try to imagine 12,000 feet of solid, perpendicular sea water lying upon eight-elevenths of the entire planet!

A patient mathematician has been at the pains to inform us that this bulk of brine would weigh one and a half million million millions of tons. For the most part this vast body of water—thus set out in figures as 1,500,000,000,000,000 tons—is of the same composition everywhere, and as everybody knows, carries great quantities of ocean salt.

But that same salt is itself singularly complex. Not only are there in it chlorides and sulphates of sodium, potash, magnesium and lime, which are familiar to many, but it contains also silica, boron, bromine, iodine, fluorine and the oxides of nickel, cobalt, manganese, zinc, silver, lead, copper, aluminium, barium and strontium. Arsenic and gold are also found in it, along with those rare metals lithium, rubidium and cesium.—London Telegraph.

**The Prince and the Captain.**

The admiral commanding the British Mediterranean squadron some 20 years ago, writes a correspondent, gave a dinner to the captains of the fleet at Malta. By 6:45 most of the captains had reached the flagship, been received on the deck by the admiral and ushered below. Next the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. The admiral received him, and, keeping him in conversation, continued to pace the deck. All subsequent arrivals were duly ushered below to the saloon, but still the admiral kept the duke on deck. At last it occurred to the duke that the dinner hour had been passed, and he ventured to inquire if his host was waiting for anybody.

"Yes," replied the admiral, "I am waiting for the captain of the—"

Instantly the duke took the hint, called for a boat and made posthaste for his own ship. He alone among the captains of the fleet was not knowing that the dinner was official. On his return to the flagship in the quickest time on record and in full uniform the gallant but inflexible admiral was still pacing the deck, and deprecating his royal highness' profuse apologies conducted him to dinner. I believe, concludes my correspondent, the admiral was Sir Michael Culme Seymour—M. A. P.

**Mexico's Rainy Season.**

What they call the rainy season in Mexico comes only in the form of showers, which fall in the afternoon. These showers usually occur every day, but sometimes there will be two or three days of perfectly clear weather. There is no steady downpour, however, as in most tropical countries, and in Mexico the rainy season is regarded as the finest season of the year.

**Serving the Public.**

Wunn—But if you insist that the man who works for the public good without hope of gaining gratitude is a crank, what do you call the man that expects gratitude?

Fisher—Him? Oh, he's just a plain fool.—Indianapolis Press.

In the manufacture of a pocketknife in France 22 workmen are employed for the handle and blade, 18 for a table knife, 9 for scissors and 6 for razors.

In Japan it would be thought as idle to neglect to offer tea to a visitor on his arrival as not to speak to him.

## AFTER RAIN.

The country road at lonely close of day  
Has rest awhile from the long stream of rain;  
Dripping and bowed, the green walls of the lane  
Reflect no glistering light; no colors gay  
Has dying summer left; the sky is gray.  
As though the weeping had not ceased the pain;  
The autumn is not yet, and all in vain  
Seems summer's life—a blossom cast away!  
The air is hushed, save in the emerald shade  
The rain still drops and stirs each fretting leaf  
To soft insistence of its little grief:  
The hopeless calm all thought of life denies;  
But, hark, and now through alleys, unafraid,  
A robin ripples to the chilly sky.

—Helen Hay in Harper's Magazine.

**Knew They Were Americans.**

A compliment and a slur in the same breath are in a letter I received from a Washington girl in Paris.

"We were dining at Joseph's the other night," she writes, "when a delightfully dressed woman sitting at a table near with her to ask father if we were not Americans. She seemed to be saying 'I told you so' to her friends, and as we came out she stopped me in the corridor to explain her odd proceeding. She was politeness itself.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me," she said with the most charming accent, "but it was a wager. I have wagered my husband that we shall see 50 Americans this evening. It is now 35 we have seen, and Mme. B., who is with us, would not believe you were Americans. Mais, I was sure—sure!"

"Why were you so sure of it?" I asked.

"Madame flashed a dazzling smile at me.

"Oh," she said, "the Americans have all the votes of the worst and the manners at table are very, very bad. I was sure!"—Washington Post.

## DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

"I had suffered from indigestion, and only those who have suffered from it know what it really is," writes Mrs. M. J. Fagan, of 1613 East Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y. "I had severe attacks of headache and dizziness with cold hands and feet; everything I ate distressed me, bowels were constipated, and I was growing very thin and nervous. I cannot half express the bad feelings I had when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took nine bottles of the 'Discovery' and several bottles of the 'Pellets.' I commenced feeling better with the first bottle, and kept on improving. Now I am so greatly improved in health my friends often speak of it. I most heartily recommend those medicines to all suffering as I was."

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Ledger and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, 1 yr.....	3 00
Ledger and N. Y. Tri-Weekly Tribune, 1 yr.....	3 50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1 yr.....	3 35
Ledger and S. E. Weekly Post, 1 yr.....	3 00
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, one year.....	2 75
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of England, or any member of the royal family, is taken ill the very best quality of drugs is used.

## AT JACKSON

our pharmacy is the place to get the best quality of drugs and have them compounded by a competent pharmacist. You need not wait as long as it was necessary to do many

**YEARS AGO**

We are prompt. Our drugs are the best in the market. You will be given satisfaction at

## THE CITY PHARMACY

ROBERT I. KERR  
Main Street JACKSON

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OLYMPUS

### RESTAURANT AND SALOON

Cooler, Cheapest and most home-like eating house in Jackson

**MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS**

EVERYTHING THE MARKET PRODUCES ALWAYS ON HAND

**Cool, Sharp Beer 5c a Glass**

Cool and comfortable rooms neatly arranged for private families.

Opposite Postoffice, Webb Building, Jackson.

**NED TARASH,**  
Proprietor.

## MONEY TO LOAN

**ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN**

If you want any kind of information about land in Amador County, come to our office.

We search records and make abstracts to titles. We make plats and tracings to order. Get your papers and legal blanks filled out here and acknowledged. Notarial work now done at this office.

## GEO. I. WRIGHT & SON

Spagnoli Building  
JACKSON, — — — AMADOR CO., CAL.  
5-4-11 P. O. BOX 14

## GLOBE HOTEL

Corner Main and Court Streets  
JACKSON, CAL.

**E. ANDERSON : : Proprietor**

## First-Class in Every Respect

**SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COMMERCE.** Special rates for commercial travelers. Sample rooms connected with the house. The very best of service guaranteed to patrons.

**Good Meals, 25 Cents**

## BANK OF AMADOR COUNTY

Incorporated November, 1886  
Capital Stock : : : \$50,000

President.....Henry Eudry  
Vice-President.....S. G. Spagnoli  
Secretary and Treasurer.....Frederick Eudry

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS:**  
Henry Eudry, S. G. Spagnoli, John Strohm, Frederick Eudry and Alexander Eudry of Jackson.

**SAVE DEPOSIT.**—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the small expense of 25 cents a month, thereby securing you against any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your valuables.

**SAVE MONEY.**—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postoffice or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

**SAVE MONEY.**—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has financial standing. Don't bury your money; when you die it can be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

## J. H. LANGHORST







## MINING BULLETIN OF W. H. STORMS

## MOTHER LODE REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

Particular Attention Has Been Given to the Gold Mines of Amador County.

## WILDMAN-MAHONEY MINE.

This is at Sutter Creek. The property consists of the Wildman, Mahoney or Hector, and Stewart claims, also the Waechter ranch to the eastward of these mines on which a new vertical shaft is being sunk. The development at present is chiefly confined to the Wildman and Mahoney claims, which join and are operated through two inclined shafts. The Wildman is 1300 feet deep, the Mahoney 1000. The 1000 foot level of the Mahoney is equivalent to the 800-foot level of the Wildman. The ore-bodies of these mines, both great and small, appear to be confined to a definite zone lying between two reefs of Mariposa clay slates, although these latter appear not to be directly associated with the ore-bodies themselves. The zone included between the clay slates consists principally of amphibolite schist and tuffaceous black slates. In the southern portion of the Wildman Mine the ore zone is confined to narrow limits, but going northward it broadens, and in the Mahoney claim the vein splits into two sections, the east branch going into the Stewart claim and the west into the Lincoln. The idea seems to prevail that the mines of the Gold Belt of Amador County are simple fissures, which are easily followed and are regular and persistent. Just the reverse, however, is usually the case, as the ore-bodies are found distributed by faults, and often contorted and displaced in a most puzzling manner. On the 300-foot level of the Mahoney Mine one vein follows a gouge 4 feet wide, on the hanging-wall of which the ore continues for a distance of 300 feet; going southward for some distance the ore loses its value, but undergoes no physical change that is noteworthy. Noting that the gouge contained small masses of good ore, from 20 to 400 pounds in weight, Superintendent Ross cross-cut into the foot-wall and found good ore in the opposite side. This was the only place known, up to that time, where pay ore was found in the gouge. The ore found on the foot-wall side of the zone was 15 feet wide, but its length has not been determined. These ore-shoots are known to overlap 25 feet at least, and probably much more. Another instance of irregularity was noticed in the Mahoney Mine 30 feet above the 900-foot level, where is found what appears to be a displacement of a banded vein 15 feet in width, which, together with the indosed slates, is contorted and cut off abruptly, the sheared end abutting against a solid vein of quartz 20 feet in thickness. The continuation of this faulted vein has not, as yet, been found above. The slaty material found underneath the banded vein is also good-bearing in paying quantities. A stope on the 900-foot level of the Mahoney follows a well-defined persistent wall for a long distance. This stope is 25 feet in width. A fissure crosses the ore-shoot at an angle of 65 degrees, dipping south. Beyond this was found the above described disturbance. On the 1000-foot level of this mine, a stope follows what appears to be the wall above described, with large ore deposits on either side of the wall. The wall takes a slight flexure to the west, and the ore follows the wall on the foot side, while that previously followed on the hanging-wall side bears more to the east, and a slate horse separates them. In the main level, the drift continues south, and a new ore-shoot comes in from the east or hanging-wall. A diamond-drill hole runs west, here passes through 6 feet of slate and cuts 3 feet of quartz, which is succeeded by 22 feet of slate and 6 feet of ore. This probably represents the two branches of the divided vein.

## TREADWELL &amp; GULIANA MINE.

This is 8 miles east of Sutter Creek, adjoining the Balliol on the west. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 500 feet on the vein, with a pump 400 feet, by means of a small steam hoist. Levels have been run at 100, 200 and 350 feet; the shaft and levels are on the vein, which varies from a few inches to 12 feet in thickness. The foot-wall portion of the ledge has proven very rich. At the Zella, Wildman and Balliol mills were made several runs of the rock from this foot-wall strip, which have produced about \$15,000, averaging about \$25 per ton, some of the ore runs as high as \$100 per ton. The hanging-wall portion of the vein is low grade. The mine is in the hands of a local company, which has spent \$40,000 in its development. Heavier machinery will be required to sink a greater depth.

## TREADWELL &amp; GULIANA MINE.

There are two veins in the property, on one of which, the Treadwell, there are two tunnels, one 700 feet, the other 300 feet in length; besides which there are numerous superficial cuts. The Guliana vein was discovered in the bed of Sutter Creek, where it is 3 feet in width, showing free gold. There is a 30-foot shaft and a short tunnel on this vein. The mine is idle. The mill which was formerly on the property is dismantled. The mill contained 9 stamps and was operated by water under 150-foot head with a 10-inch pipe line. This did not apparently afford sufficient power to run the mill, and it was consequently shut down. Several years later, it is said, it was discovered that in some manner a piece of scantling had gotten into the pipe-line, descending by section to the nozzle, clogging it, and reducing the power to the extent described.

## TREADWELL &amp; GULIANA MINE.

In a recent issue of the Mining and Engineering Review there appeared the following, together with a long list of mines with the amount each had paid in dividends:

"In 1900, 142 metal mines in the United States paid in dividends about \$45,000,000 round numbers. Of this amount about \$15,000,000 is credited to gold and silver mines, \$28,000,000 to copper mines, \$350,000 to lead mines and \$201,500 to quicksilver mines. The quicksilver dividends were paid by five California companies, viz., the Boston, Napa Consolidated, Etna, New Idria and Quicksilver Pref. companies."

In the list appeared the Argonaut which had paid \$70,000 and the Gwin, \$80,000.

## TREADWELL &amp; GULIANA MINE.

A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Kari's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price 35c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, Druggist.

## TREADWELL &amp; GULIANA MINE.

Remember that W. P. Peck has the finest building lots for sale in Jackson. Terms easy. See display advertisement in this paper. 3-2-tf

The best place to get a good meal is at the Olympus Restaurant. Ducks, geese, chicken and fresh oysters can be had. Jan. 19-tf

## COURT HOUSE AND HALL OF RECORDS

## CASES BROUGHT BEFORE THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Documents That Have Been Recorded in the County Recorder's Office This Week.

## SUPERIOR COURT.

HON. R. C. RUST, JUDGE.  
W. J. Nettie et al vs Clinton Consolidated Gold Mining Company—Commissioner's return and account of sales filed.  
E. E. Endicott vs Marguerita Molino, executrix of the last will and testament of Simone Molino, deceased—Answer filed.  
M. Cobarubia vs B. Cobarubia—Plaintiff ordered to pay defendant \$20, costs, \$20 per month alimony, and \$50, attorney's fees pendente lite. Demurrer to amended complaint sustained and plaintiff granted ten days to amend.  
The People of the State of California vs C. H. Clifton—Information filed charging defendant with felony.  
Guardianship of Wm. and Cleveland Jones, minors—Petition for discharge, set for March 2d.  
Estate of Gustave Boichergain—Special administrator granted five days addition time in which to file final account.  
Estate of James Fassero—Ida Fassero appointed administratrix.

## DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

DEEDS.  
Henry Obermer—Lands in section 24, twp 8 north, range 14 east, containing 33.95 acres; \$10.  
Also in section 24 to Giovanni Rossi—Interest in lands in sections 14 and 23, twp 7 north, range 14 east; \$1.  
M. Waechter et al vs Annie E. Allen—Land in sections 4 and 10, twp 6 north, range 10 east, 10 acres; \$1.  
Lucy J. Mello to Geo W. Bowman—Undivided 1/2 of all gold bearing gravel, section 36, twp 6 north, range 11 east, with right of entry, etc.; \$1.  
Oliver B. Watkins to Luella Moyle—Lot 30, block 2, and lot 31, block 6, Sutter; also part NE 1/4 of section 18, twp 6 north, range 11 east; \$10.  
Mrs. Lucy Robertson to M. Barsi—Fraction of block 3, and right of way to same; also lot S of above and right of way; Jackson; \$250.  
Annie Talbot, guardian, to Annie E. Allen—Minor's interest in lands in sections 3 and 4, twp 6 north, range 10 east, 31 acres; \$75.  
Annie Talbot to Annie E. Allen—Annie's interest in same; \$10.  
Aurelia Marre to Victoria Gagliardi et al—Lot 1, block 2, Sutter; also lot 2, block 2, Sutter; also lot 3, block 2, Sutter; also lot 4, block 2, Sutter; also lot 5, block 2, Sutter; also lot 6, block 2, Sutter; also lot 7, block 2, Sutter; also lot 8, block 2, Sutter; also lot 9, block 2, Sutter; also lot 10, block 2, Sutter; also lot 11, block 2, Sutter; also lot 12, block 2, Sutter; also lot 13, block 2, Sutter; also lot 14, block 2, Sutter; also lot 15, block 2, Sutter; also lot 16, block 2, Sutter; also lot 17, block 2, Sutter; also lot 18, block 2, Sutter; also lot 19, block 2, Sutter; also lot 20, block 2, Sutter; also lot 21, block 2, Sutter; also lot 22, block 2, Sutter; also lot 23, block 2, Sutter; also lot 24, block 2, Sutter; also lot 25, block 2, Sutter; also lot 26, block 2, Sutter; also lot 27, block 2, Sutter; also lot 28, block 2, Sutter; also lot 29, block 2, Sutter; also lot 30, block 2, Sutter; also lot 31, block 2, Sutter; also lot 32, block 2, Sutter; also lot 33, block 2, Sutter; 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## THE CHILD'S FAITH.

Little one, O little one,  
What joys belong to thee!  
You look contented in the sun;  
Your thoughts are about the fun  
You breathe the air, you see the sky,  
You watch the clouds go floating by;  
You count the stars, you question why  
Now how they came to be.

Little one, you kneel to pray,  
Believing you are blessed;  
Your faith you keep all through the day—  
The sweetest faith, the best!  
For you no groning in the gloom,  
No dread of ending at the tomb;  
For you no churning, only room  
For gladness in the home.

—S. E. Kiser to Chicago Times-Herald.

## MR. SAMPLES' SISTER

BY M. QUAD.

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I was serving my first and only term of sheriff in an Indiana county when a smart looking middle-aged man came to the county seat and gave out that he was looking around for a site for a large factory. He was provided with letters of recommendation, had the air of a man of business and soon had the two bankers in the town and other business men interested in his project. His factory was to make a new kind of cloth out of what he called "Kingsley hemp." He had samples of the cloth to show, and it could be made and sold at 400 per cent profit. Samples himself would put \$500,000 into the enterprise, but he wanted the town to subscribe \$200,000 additional, so as to make it a home affair. That was a pretty large sum to raise in a town of 8,000 people, and after the first half of it had been subscribed, the thing began to drag. Samples was coming and going, but making our town his headquarters, and it was remembered afterward that several tough looking men called to see him.

On the second night of Samples' arrival in our town a fine horse was stolen from a citizen. During his first week's stay there were more run off. In three weeks' time 12 of the best horses in our township were taken. As sheriff I was not idle for an hour after the first horse was taken. Even if I was a little green myself as an officer I had two or three constables and deputies who were old hands at the business. Some of the horses we traced for a few miles, always headed for the Ohio river, but the thieves were slick fellows and had good tracks so well that not a horse was recovered. My position was an uncomfortable one, as you may guess. I got red hot criticism from all sides, and even though I offered large rewards out of my own pocket and went to the expense of employing a detective for three weeks, a share of the public still insisted that I ought to resign and open a kindergarten for children.

One day while I was shivering in my boots and expecting to hear that the thirteenth horse had been stolen a flash of light came to me. Every horse taken had gone south by a certain road. At a certain point all trace had been lost. Ten miles to the south of us was a big huckleberry swamp of 2,000 acres. It was state land and had only been explored by hunters. It was a big tangle, full of snakes and wild cats, and berry pickers took good care not to penetrate too far. It flashed over me that the stolen horses instead of being run out of the state had been corralled in this swamp to wait until the hue and cry was over. Within two hours I had started for the swamp, accompanied by a constable. By pure good luck after a tramp of half a day we came upon a trail showing the hoofprints of horses, and following it to the very center of the swamp we came upon the whole 12 stolen animals. Feed had been brought to them by another trail.

It was a fine "plant" we uncovered. There were two men to take care of the horses. One of them was a blacksmith, and he had forged the stolen horses. As the animals were run out the plan was to shoe each one with the shoes reversed and thus deceive us in case we struck a trail. We made a cautious approach, but in spite of the two men got away. We scarcely regretted it, however, in view of the capture of the third one, who had just arrived. It was Mr. Samples, dressed in a fine suit, and he had the man with letters of introduction. Yes, sir, he had arrived to give his subordinates directions, and as he lived with the others he tripped and fell, and we were enabled to overhaul him. He didn't even bluff. We had got him so hot that he couldn't say anything. In his pockets were letters sufficient to convict him twice over, and his game was up.

You know what human nature is in a small town. I had been maligned and abused without stint for failing to capture the horse thieves. Now that I had got all the stolen horses in a bunch, and the boss thief in addition, nothing was too good for me. I was called a hero and all that and got a serenade from the band and had bonfire galore in honor. The arrest of Samples was a thunderclap, but the public soon got over its astonishment and demanded that he receive the maximum punishment of the law. He was examined, committed for trial, and I took care to give him the strongest cell in the county jail. The man gave me no trouble. After recovering from the shock of his capture he would be able to prove his entire innocence before a jury, and he was so cheery and good natured that I came to like him. He had three months to wait for the circuit court, and he made no move in regard to lawyers or witnesses until half the time had expired. By that time the public had lost most of its interest in the case.

One day Samples announced to me that his sister would soon arrive to see about getting him a lawyer and so forth, and two days later she called at the jail. She was a rather striking looking woman of about 25, spoke in a choked voice and wore a veil, and without questioning her much I led her to Samples' cell and left them alone. It so happened that I had to go into court directly after, and I left it to a turnkey to let her out. He did so, and it was three hours later when I made the discovery that the two had exchanged clothes and the woman had been left behind. The turnkey hadn't noticed anything out of the way as the "woman" passed out.

I didn't faint away or have a fit or commit suicide. I simply tendered my resignation and went off on a vacation. I knew my public, and I knew that, although I had recovered the horses and broken up the gang of thieves, that "sister" business had taken me out of politics forever. She got 90 days in jail as a punishment, I believe, but Samples got clear off and no doubt

worked his little game to advantage in other localities.

## Fixing the Blame.

The young man had returned from his wedding trip and was again at his desk in the office.

It was the day after his return that the junior partner called him to his desk and said:

"Now that you're married, Mr. Quills, I trust you will be considerate in your treatment of me."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," exclaimed the young man in surprise.

"Oh, it's a little early, I know," admitted the junior partner, "but there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I suppose you haven't been out late at night yet."

"Certainly not, sir."

"And it's none of my business if you have. But when you do stay out some night be considerate. Remember that I have a reputation for fairness and humane treatment of everybody in this office that I would like to retain. Don't tell your wife that you're sorry you're late, but that that slave driver in the office piled work upon you to such an extent that you had to work right into the night. Don't tell her that the tyrant you work under gave you 15.00 for dinner and told you that you would have to post all the books in the office before you could go to bed. Just invent some other excuse, you know."

The young man thought the matter over for a minute or two and then asked anxiously:

"Well, if I should be late what shall I say?"

"Oh, put it on the senior partner as I do. He can stand it."—London Answers.

## Ant Slaveholders.

Many of the large red ants are slaveholders, and, oddly enough, their slaves are invariably black, much as is the case with the human race. When slaves are desired by a colony of ants, a regular army of invasion is formed, and skirmishers and scouts are sent on ahead to discover a nest of black ants. This having been found, the warrior ants—insects quite different from the ordinary workers, with powerful jaws—set out to invade their neighbor's territory and carry away the eggs and pupae to their own nests. A fierce battle ensues, but the invading ants are always victorious.

On returning to their own colony the young of their defeated foe are taken into their nests and carefully treated until they arrive at maturity, when they become the willing bondsmen of the conquerors of their parents, doing all the hardest work of the community, such as the length of feeding their captives. The latter, however, is not entirely a needless humiliation to subject them to, as some species of slaveholding ants are incapable of feeding themselves and would die of starvation in the midst of plenty were it not for their slaves.—Kansas City Independent.

## A CHINAMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Story of a Morphine Taker.

"Well, there's one good thing about a Chinaman, anyhow—he's grateful," reminisced a Washington man who put in a couple of cruises as an apothecary in the United States navy. "You may be late, in the great mass of rubbish that's been written about the slant eyes, have seen that fact disputed, but I just happen to know that a Chinaman's grateful. However, in order to make the point clear, I'll have to begin at the beginning. So here goes:

"When I was serving on board a cruiser on the Pacific station, I had as a shipmate a private marine named—ah, well, Tom Kingsley is near enough to it. Some of his people, of good station, are still living in Philadelphia, and this boy hurt them enough, so we'll just make it Tom Kingsley. Kingsley went to the ship with a detachment of marines quite awhile after I was attached to the vessel. I noticed him particularly as soon as he came aboard—not so much that he was a tall, broad shouldered, fine looking chap, who completely outclassed the bunch he joined with in appearance and bearing, as because I saw what his trouble was as soon as I clapped my eye on him. Just make it Tom Kingsley. Kingsley was a discovery why Kingsley was wearing the uniform of a buck private in the marine corps. It was because a slavery to which he had become addicted in civil life had rendered him unfit and incompetent to keep up with the procession in civil life.

"That is to say, I didn't need two looks at Kingsley to see that morphine had done his work. His eyes focused to pin points, and he had all the other exterior indications of the man chained in the morphia bondage.

"At the inspection on the Sunday following Kingsley's coming aboard I watched my immediate chief, the ship's surgeon, narrowly to see if he was going to get on to Kingsley when he passed by the marine in following after the commanding officer. When the surgeon passed by the row of marines drawn up in their mustering clothes, eyes straight ahead, I observed that he gave one sharp glance at Kingsley, and that was all.

"Below, in my stateroom, after inspection the surgeon looked at me out of the tail of his eye.

"'Have you noticed that marine, apothecary?' he asked me.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied.

"'Hum! I'm glad to be corroborated, yet I was sure I couldn't have been mistaken,' said the surgeon. 'Better have an extra eye to your store of morphia. Keep it under cover.'

"However, Kingsley didn't become incapable. He was an admirable soldier of the sea. He was always right on the minute, a top notch on guard duty, a spick and span man always. The marine officer in charge of the guard never, of course, suspected that there was anything wrong about Kingsley, and he thought so much of the man's faithfulness that he had him made a corporal a couple of months after Kingsley joined us. Kingsley was always under the influence of the drug of course. He never ran out of the stuff. You know how morphia slaves provide against that awful contingency. He kept on edge all the time and never appeared to overshoot his limit. Kingsley surely was a man of powerful self control in that respect. However, I knew that it would get him in time and throw him. It always does that way with the victims of the rope enough, you know, and morphia is one of those things that just demands all the rope it wants.

"Kingsley knew by intuition that I knew about his habit, and he avoided

me very elaborately. One moon boat, however, I happened to be smoking a pipe at the gangway. Kingsley was looking out of the beautiful harbor of Anapulo in his dreamy, dopy way—his way, that is to say, when he was off duty. Well, I edged over to Kingsley. We were quite apart from the rest of the men.

"'Bucko,' said I in as kindly a way as I could—I felt sorry for Kingsley, who was most obviously a gentleman—you want to cut it out. You do for a fact. I'll nail you. It's a game you can't beat. Nobody can beat it. I can reduce you gradually—eight of a grain a day. Better let me take hold of you. I'll be on the quiet.'

"That's good of you, pal," replied Kingsley, never taking his eyes away from the horizon to look at me. 'I won't forget it, but I've tried reducing before. I am going to make the fight alone. I'm going to hang on if it kills me. Don't only a little while, say how, compared to this slavery. When we hike away from here for the islands next week, I'm going to leave all I've got of the stuff over the side. Then I'll be on or the powder. I'll do the best I know. I'll be trying to win, anyhow. Much obliged to you all the same.'

"'Bad job breaking it off all of a sudden,' I told him. 'Dangerous, at that. Yet you're a pretty husky looking fellow. You may beat it!'

"I was pretty skeptical about it, but I didn't want to discourage him. Well, the mudhook came up ten days later, and away we went for Honolulu. We started in the morning. I didn't see Kingsley again toward night. He looked pretty bad. I knew that he was making the fight.

"Kingsley'll be coming to me for the stuff tonight," I thought. 'He's been taking 30 or 40 grains a day, and he won't be able to stand it. But I'll be beached if it's found out that I'm giving him a sixteenth of a grain. I'm sorry for Kingsley, but I wouldn't be able to help him out.'

"Well, Kingsley didn't come to me until along toward 2 o'clock on the following morning.

"Just an injection," he whispered to me hoarsely. 'I'm going insane.'

"I couldn't, and I told Kingsley so as decently as I could. It hurt me to turn him down, but I couldn't take the chance. He shuddered all over and staggered out of my little stateroom.

"I was drawn up a knot from his sufferings. One of the gut divisions was breaking out the after magazines, the hatches to which were right at the foot of the after ladders. The hatches were wide open. Kingsley, coming down after ladder, saw that they were open. But Wang Woo, coming around from the wardroom at a little lode to answer the call of the skipper's messenger above, was looking aloft through the main hatch to see the messenger boy, and he didn't see the open magazine hatches. Well, he had one foot already over one of the hatches and was just about to plunge to the bottom of the fixed ammunition magazine when the collar of his blouse was gripped by the hand of a man whose muscles were like iron. I mean Kingsley. Kingsley was drawn up to the level of the steps. Wang Woo almost fainted when he saw the danger he had been in, but he smiled blandly at Kingsley, and Kingsley followed him into the Chinaman's stateroom.

"Why, of course, Chinamen are grateful. Kingsley didn't report himself as sick at all. He emerged from the Chinaman's stateroom ten minutes later looking quite chipper, comparative, and his eyes were focused to pin points until we got to Honolulu. Then Kingsley went ashore, took an overdose with all the deliberation in life and was found dead in bed at a little hotel in Waikiki, with suitable letters telling about his people, sealed and addressed to the skipper, on the table beside him.

"Kingsley'll always make good for favors received."—Washington Star.

The Flight of a Great Nebula.

One of the most striking spectacles revealed by telescopes is that of the Great Nebula in Orion. In the complexity of its glowing streams, spirals and strangely shaped masses, intersected by yawning black gaps and sprinkled over with stars arranged in suggestive groups and lines, it has few rivals in the heavens. The impression of astonishment made by the sight of this nebula is heightened by knowledge of its enormous size. The entire solar system would appear as a tiny speck beside it. Yet this tremendous aggregation of nebulous clouds and starry swarms has been proved by the researches of the late Professor Keeler of the Lick Observatory to be flying from the earth at the speed of 11 miles in every second! But so vast is its distance that 100 years reveal no visual effects of the great nebula's swift retreat. If it were near by, it would seem to become rapidly smaller.—Youth's Companion.

## A Priceless Idol.

It is part of the creed of Mohammedans to smash the bones of all idols they may come across. When they invaded India, they defaced in this way every Hindu god. A figure of Vishnu cut in green jade was buried in the bed of the Ganges during this invasion and is now preserved in a temple in Benares. It is the only perfect image left of all the old idols, and its sanctity is such that the priests at Allahabad have offered for it its weight in gold, together with two magnificent rubies, formerly the eyes of Buddha. But they cannot buy it.

## The Congregation Smiled.

A young clergyman, while preaching extemporaneously touched on the subject of miracles. Some people, he said, had difficulty in accepting the miraculous stories of the Bible, as, for example, the story of the speech that Rahab's ass made to his master. Looking solemnly at the congregation the preacher hammered in the contention with the remark, "Why should not God make an ass to speak—he made me to speak."—New York Tribune.

## THE DREAMAWAY PLACE.

The Dreamaway place is down by the brook, In a cool retreat where tall trees grow;  
The moss is soft in the shadowy nook,  
And you lie at ease and upward look,  
And dream the happy dreams you know.

A great rock shelters the Dreamaway place,  
Shading ever the coolest shade;  
The green leaves waver like filmy lace—  
A fairy veil o'er the whole spot laid—  
And you know the happy dreams you know.

Oh, the Dreamaway place is a remedy sure,  
For worry and headache and pretty care,  
And the wild bird's song can always cure,  
And the tonic Jarka in the scented air!  
The spirit growth strong and pure  
With an hour's repose in Dreamland there.  
—Annie Willis McCullough in Good Housekeeping.

## THE MAN FROM LARAMIE

And the Lies He Told.

We had been talking about the generally humdrum lives led by nine men out of ten, and the sad-eyed man who had hitherto kept silent said as he settled back into his chair and put his feet on the rail of the hotel piazza:

"From my birth to the present time I have had but one thing happen to me that was in the smallest degree unusual, and that related to my marriage, which was a little out of the ordinary."

He spoke with a sleepy drawl that piqued curiosity, and I asked him to tell us what happened if it wouldn't interfere with his nap.

He smiled and rawned and said:

"I was born and brought up in Laramie, Wyo., and so was Arabella. Arabella is my wife. I had known her and she had done the same by me, and the course of our affections ran as smooth as molten metal. In 1889 I decided to marry her, and the day was set for April 25, and we invited all our friends and looked forward to a happy but commonplace wedding.

"Just one week before the ceremony I was called up to North Dakota on business matter which I did not think would detain me more than three or four days.

"Arabella did a little weeping on my shoulder, womanlike, and said, 'What if you never come back?' But I said: 'Now, you know perfectly well that I always have been as regular as clockwork. It's only a few hundred miles away, and I'll be back and we'll be married exactly at 4 o'clock on April 25, and it will be the least exciting and yet happiest wedding that ever took place.'

"I went up to North Dakota, and the last ten miles of my journey I had to make on foot. While I was walking along it began to snow, and inside of an hour a blizzard was raging, and I had to put in for shelter at the house of a lone stranger named Saul, a young fellow named Saul, who was kindly gave me supper and told me that it would be suicidal for me to go any farther; that a Dakota blizzard, the last one of the season, but perhaps the worst, was upon us.

"When can I return?" said I. He told me that if the blizzard was a real energetic one it would be two weeks before I saw home and mamma. You may imagine my feelings. Hundreds of miles from Arabella with less than a week intervening before our marriage, and no way of getting word to her! Of course she would think me faithless.

"I told the stranger my troubles, and he sympathized with me, but said that no human being could live out in that storm, and when I looked out of the window I believed him. It was terrific. I had been in the New York blizzard of 1888, and it was a sultry summer's day to this one.

"There was nothing to do but to grin and bear it. Maybe it would stop sooner than my friend thought. He might be an alarmist, but it grew worse, and by next morning it seemed to be only just beginning to get in its fine work. The mercury went so low that I'd hesitate to say just what the thermometer recorded. I was just about to give up when I heard a knock. The snow fell at the rate of a foot an hour on the level. The house was soon covered up, and we would have smothered in time if my friend had not happened to have a tin ventilator that ran 50 feet up in the air for just such occasions.

"Not to make a long story, it was five days before the snow stopped, and then we were snowed in to the depth of 50 feet, and we were down to our chest loaf of bread. But the thing that worried me most was the fact that it was my wedding day. I sat in the pitch darkness, for our oil had given out, wondering what Arabella would do when I didn't turn up. Suddenly we heard a voice coming down the ventilator. Smithson groped his way to it.

"Who's there?" said he.

"It's the parson. Have you food enough?"

"No, indeed," said Smithson. "We're down to our last loaf. How are you able to be about, parson?"

"Why, this is the queerest storm that ever happened. All Dakota north of us is covered, but yours is the last house in the track of the storm. South of here the ground is perfectly bare, so I hatched up and brought some provisions from the north and to cut out of this mighty snowbank, and then I put on my snowshoes and climbed up. It's lucky you had such a long ventilating pipe. How are you going to get out? Shall I drop some food down the pipe?"

"Smithson told him that we had not eaten anything for ten hours, and we were beginning to get up an appetite, and the next minute a bundle of pork and beans was dropped down to us.

"If you can tunnel south of your house for 20 feet, you'll come out on clear country. I'll go home and get my shovel and dig toward you, and you ought to get out soon."

"Smithson thanked the dominie, and we tackled the baked beans, and they tasted like Neapolitan ice cream. Then we felt like working. But I was feeling pretty serious, because I knew that Arabella was beginning to worry. However, I felt with a good will, and after two hours of hard work we met in the snow tunnel, the minister and me, and a minute afterward we walked out to open air and saw the strangest sight that could be imagined.

"North as far as the eye could reach the country lay covered 50 feet deep with an arctic snowfall. South of us the grass was just beginning to show green, and stunk cabbage was already pushing up through the earth. And in front of us stood the parson's lonely house, with a box of a church next door to it and not another building in sight.

"We grasped the parson's hand and told him he was a white man if ever there was one, and then I asked him what chances there were of my being able to get back to Laramie.

"He told me that the road to the sta-

tion was completely blocked, and it would be two days before I could get through. 'Two days!' I instinctively pulled out my watch. It was 3:50. 'In ten minutes, parson,' said I, 'my wedding will be due in Laramie, and Arabella is even now waiting for me.'

"He was expressing his sympathy when we heard a roaring noise, and Smithson said: 'Run for your lives! A cyclone!'

"The three of us instinctively dived into the snow. Then we heard a muffled roar, and the earth shook, and it was all over. Just to make sure, we lay in the snow for a few minutes, and then we crept out. Such a scene as met our gaze! The church and the parson's house were the only movable things that hadn't moved. Trees were leveled on all sides, and the plains in front of us were full of debris from various states.

"Just in front of me were half a hundred crates of eggs, whipped to an omelet by the wind; a bunch of bananas, a white horse and a library of books labeled 'Cheyenne Free Library.' And, stuck in the snowbank was a woman in a gray traveling dress. The parson pulled her out, wondering if it was a neighbor, but I, catching sight of her face, recognized her as Arabella! Arabella in her wedding dress, my friend!

"Of course the next day's papers all over the country had full accounts of the awful cyclone that had struck Laramie and had run northeast into the Dakotas, but not a word about Arabella except the fact that she was missing and her mother was frantic.

"Now, you may say that it was her woman's love that guided her on the back of the storm to where I was, but even if so it was a remarkable occurrence.

"In a minute she opened her eyes, and then she sat up, and then she saw me. She was always quick to take in a situation, and she held out her arms to me. I kissed her just once for luck, and then I looked at my watch. It was 4:50.

"Parson," said I, 'the church is still standing!'"—Denver Post.

## Too Slow Candidate.

Mr. Bodkin, C. C., tells the following anecdote of the late Mr. Francis Macdonagh, C. C., who was for upward of 40 years the recognized leader of the Irish bar:

"I remember once in the early glory of my wig and gown I got a case for an opinion. The solicitor thought it a very simple case, or he would not have sent it to me. I thought so too. With the touching confidence of the neophyte I took my pen and began:

"I am clearly of opinion—"

"Now, it so happened that I sat in the law library beside the silver haired squire Nestor of the Irish bar, a leader of unfathomable astuteness. This elder chanced to glance over my shoulder as I wrote.

"My dear young friend," he said softly—we were just all dear young fellows—never write that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."—Green Bag.

## When Scotch Hunts Scotch.

Wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel, he found himself in a maze from which he could not escape, and to make things worse, he failed, through ignorance of the language, to get any light to guide him homeward. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberries and then, to the amazement of everybody, went about shouting: "Fine Scotch gooseberries! A penny a pun, a penny a pun!"

This went on for awhile till a fellow countryman rushed forward to him and, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, asked, "Man, d'ye think ye're in the streets o' Glesga, or ye gang about like a madman cryin' gossetts?"

"Geh!" he replied, with a sense of relief. "Ye're just the man I was looking for. D'ye ken the way to the Hotel?"—London Fun.

A birdseye view of the sanitary situation of Europe shows that it is the damp, chill, cloudy north which is healthy and the dry, warm, sunny south which is unhealthy.

The largest city in the country in Washington's time was Philadelphia. It had 63,000 inhabitants.

The Bengal cavalry, which constitutes the bodyguard of the governor general of India, was raised as far back as 1775.

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